each part and all the parts to the whole; and we pronounce the building, its furniture, and the work done in it, to be perfect, but we discover at the same time that they are accommodated to inmates who are not regarded as perfect. We see everywhere vigilance and caution, and instruments provided by suspicion or fear, with means of restraint, of improvement, and of punishment, which would not have been required but for the existence of evil; and we conclude from the very character of the building, and the work which goes on in it, that there is ignorance or poverty, disease or crime, in the dwelling. We may admire the architecture of the fabric, and the mode of conducting the establishment, and we may feel the deepest interest, too, in the inmates; but wS observe that the existence of evil. is: everywhere pre-supposed in the very provision made to cure, *to* check, and to punish it. Now, looking at this world with uo observant eye, we find at all times and in every place a singular apparatus of means, proceeding upon and implying the existences of evil. It does look as if this world, under the government, of Grod, were a school, if we would so use it, for the improvement of the inhabitants—or as if it might be a place of restraint (where "man is a galley-slave, punished, but not amended'"') in which the prisoner is confine'1, always with a certain liberty allowed him, till a day of judgment. Without taking into account the existence of human folly and wickedness, our oyo will ever fix itself on a machinery, always in motion, but scorningly without a purpose to serve by it—as useless as the furnlturv of a school-room, of an hospital, or a prison, where there is no ignorance to remove, no disease to remedy, or crime to punish. Why such abrupt terminations to long avenues which lead to .nothing?—why such " withered hopes that never come i;<> flower ?" why such numberless and ever-acting checks ? why

such sudden and visible judgments of heaven ? why such bridles to curb, such chains to bind, arid such walls to confine, if the inhabitants of this world are reckoned pure and spotless by him who rules them ?

An intelligent visitant, let us suppose, from a remote inland of the ocean, or a distant planet of our system, has alighted on the isle of St. Helena, at the time when Napoloon Bonaparte* was confined In it. Totally unacquainted with tho previous history of that wonderful man, he has to gather all his information from personal observation and inference. Himself unno